apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keepe her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer. I the beſt for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clow. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clow. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhe was a Virgin.

Fer. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginity: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid ſhall not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clow. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton & Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Sirra come on.

Clow. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, & *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and vntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a Man of great ſpirit growes

growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſa
impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and mela
der *Iuuenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the wor
ſigneur.

Brag. Why tough ſigneur? Why tough ſign

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Inn*

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congru
appertaining to thy yong daies, which we may no

Boy. And I tough ſigneur, as an appertinent ti
time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſa
apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Brag. Thou prettie becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore a

Brag. And therefore, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my prayſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſwers. Th
bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I loue not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meere contrary, croſſes l

Br. I haue promis'd to ſtudy iij. yeeres with th

Boy. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a T

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the var
plex man.